











## THE PEACE TREATY

(The Japanese and Russian Envoys Meet on President Roosevelt's Yacht)

*From a portrait sketch by the American artist, Edwin J. Prittie*

SO many and so stupendous were the battles fought between Russia and Japan in this mighty war that we have no space to record them all. The most desperate struggle was at Port Arthur. The Japanese were determined to retake this stronghold at any cost, and after six months of assault they captured for the second time this "Gibraltar of the East." They also drove the enormous Russian army out of Manchuria. Then in 1905 the long delayed Russian fleet arrived from Europe. It met the Japanese navy in the straits that separate Japan and Corea; and the two fought the largest and most important naval battle of the past generation. Once more the Japanese were completely victorious; and Russia was at length driven to make terms of peace as with an equal foe, such terms as she might have yielded to Germany or England.

The treaty was arranged here in America, under the auspices of President Roosevelt. The envoys of the two powers met on board the President's yacht "Mayflower" in the harbor of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The Russian envoy was M. Sergius Witte, chief minister of the Czar. The Japanese was Baron Komura. Our illustration shows them at the moment when the tiny Japanese accepted the handshake of the giant Russian statesman. President Roosevelt introduces them: America unites Europe and Asia.





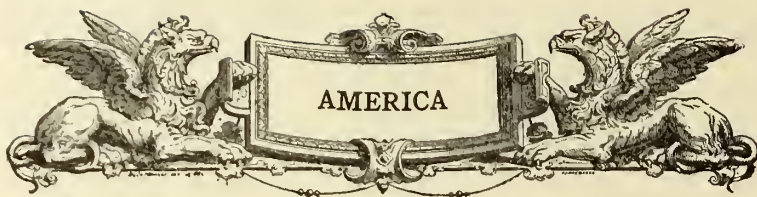


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## THE NORSE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

(Lief Ericson Sights the Unknown Coast)

*By the contemporary Norwegian artist, Christian Krogh*

IT is today accepted as a fairly established fact that America was actually discovered about the year 1000 by a Norse chieftain, Lief, the son of Eric. The father was a powerful chieftain who settled in Greenland, leaving his son Lief in Norway, where he was converted to Christianity during those wonderful hero days when that fighting Christian, Olaf Trygvesson, was king. Lief, a favorite follower of Olaf, undertook to convey the new faith to his father's colony in Greenland, but being not over well received by his heathen kin, he set sail for the lands which were known to lie still farther west. After a stormy voyage Lief reached the American coast, in the region of Newfoundland. He explored the land to the southward as far as Nova Scotia and probably New England. Here he found grapes, and called the country Vineland.

A couple of years later Lief's younger brother, Thorwald Ericson, brought a colony of thirty men to settle the new land. The little settlement had its vicissitudes. Thorwald was killed by the Indians. A third brother, Thorstein, while seeking Vineland, was wrecked in the Arctic seas and died there. Finally the colony fell under the control of Freydisa, a daughter of Eric, a termagant who stirred her people to quarrels and slew many with her own hand. The Norse record we possess of the little colony is almost too obscure to follow; nor do we know how finally it came to disappear and be forgotten.















## THE DREAM OF COLUMBUS

(Columbus in His Poverty Dreams of Sailing to a New World)

*From a painting by Manuel Picolo, a Spanish artist of the nineteenth century*

IN 1436 there was born in Genoa in Italy that remarkable man, Christopher Colon, or Colombo, who by sheer force of intellect conceived that there must be land beyond the ocean, that the earth must be a sphere, so that by sailing west one could reach east at last. In those days the Portuguese were the chief seafaring nations, the explorers; and Columbus, being a ship-captain, found himself in their capital of Lisbon in 1470. There he married a Portuguese explorer's daughter, and had by her his little son Diego. Already he had visions of his western voyage. He sailed probably to Iceland and on many other expeditions for the Portuguese king, and as early as 1481 he proposed to that monarch his scheme for circumnavigating the earth. The king borrowed the maps and plans of Columbus and sent a secret expedition of his own to test the Italian's theories. But the mariners thus sent out proved faint-hearted and soon sailed home again. And Columbus, learning of the trick that had been played on him, left Lisbon in anger.

His wife was dead, his little son and he were wholly impoverished, he left clamorous creditors behind him in Lisbon, and the chance that he could ever gather ships and men for the expedition he planned seemed wholly impossible. Only the fevered courage of the enthusiast, the visionary, led Columbus to persist that he would fulfil his dream at last.













## COLUMBUS AT SALAMANCA

(The Learned Men of Spain Declare Columbus's Plans Are Impious and Insane)

*From the painting by Niccolo Barabino, a recent Florentine painter*

COLUMBUS found his first friend in the Prior of the monastery of Santa Maria de Rabida, near the Spanish port of Palos. Drifting into Spain from Portugal, the wanderer had begged at the convent door for bread for his little son. The Prior sheltered them and, fired by Columbus's words, schemed to secure him the help of the Spanish court. Columbus probably at this time urged his plans both on England and on his native city of Genoa without success. Not until 1486 did he manage to win an interview with the Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella. They referred him and his views to a council of their learned men, that is, of the churchmen, which was summoned for the purpose at Salamanca.

Here at last Columbus had the opportunity he had wished, of explaining his theories before men competent to understand them. But the result was the gravest of all the many disappointments he had received. The prelates met Columbus not with scientific arguments, but with texts from Latin authors who assumed the world was flat. These authors had been very holy men; hence to doubt them would be impious. The explorer was even threatened with the tortures of the Inquisition as being a heretic. Luckily, however, the council concluded in the end that he was rather a madman than a sinner, and they only smiled over his most impassioned harangues. They delayed their report upon his plans for four years, and then finally declared them "vain and impossible."













## COLUMBUS BEFORE ISABELLA

(Isabella Offers Her Jewels to Furnish Funds for the Explorer's Voyage)

*From the celebrated painting by Vacslav Brozik, the Bohemian artist, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York*

NEVER surely did man display more dogged persistency of purpose than Columbus. Rejected again and again by the Spanish sovereigns, he continued his importunities over many weary years, and only turned from the Spanish court to approach others with his plans. France seemed inclined to listen to him now, and to France he was going when his friend, the Prior of Santa Maria, interfered and by a direct letter to Queen Isabella secured her attention once more. She sent for Columbus to come to her; she interested her husband, King Ferdinand. But when they asked Columbus what reward he expected if successful, he named such terms as seemed so exaggerated that again he was dismissed from the court. Not one iota would he yield, and again he turned toward France. But Isabella's enthusiasm was now aroused. She sent after the haughty adventurer, entreating him to return. He came and, in the celebrated interview here pictured, told her of the thousands of natives of the far climes to be converted to Christianity, and vowed that his own profits should be devoted to a crusade. So at length Isabella pledged her aid. Her husband urged the court's lack of money. "I will pledge my own jewels," said the Queen, "and undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile." But the crafty King Ferdinand would not agree to that; he found money for the enterprise when he saw he must.















## THE DEPARTURE OF COLUMBUS

(Columbus leaves the Port of Palos, August 3, 1492)

*From a painting by the contemporary Spanish artist, R. Balaca*

WHEN Columbus had by his years of effort at last won the help of the Spanish court for his expedition, it is astonishing to think how little he had really won after all. He set sail with three vessels, only one of the three, his flagship, the *Santa Maria*, was large enough to have a deck over her entire length. The other two were what we today would consider mere pleasure boats for quiet waters. The entire expedition, in the three vessels combined, consisted of only a hundred and twenty men. Yet even these three little boats and these few followers were almost more than the daring adventurer could get together. The king had ordered the Palos merchants to supply the ships, but they felt the expedition so impossible that they refused to sacrifice their vessels. Even more did sailors refuse to risk their lives. Men were not found until the king opened his jails and offered freedom to all the unfortunate confined there who would enlist under Columbus. A few desperate souls accepted the challenge, and with such a crew Columbus started. His one friend was the good Prior of Santa Maria; his right-hand man was Martin Pinzon, a ship-master of Palos who had upheld him from the start, and who supplied and captained one of his smaller ships. And when these three who had so often planned the voyage together parted on the quay at Palos it may have been with high hope, but the fear of the unknown must have lain deep in their hearts.





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## THE MOUNTAIN





## THE MUTINY

(Columbus Refuses to Turn Back, and Defies His Sailors)

*From a drawing by the contemporary artist, G. Amato*

COLUMBUS sailed first to the Canary Islands, which were already well known. From there he pushed forth westward into the untried, uncharted ocean. For over nine weeks he sailed steadily westward. He was fortunate in having good weather, and there was little test of seamanship upon the voyage, though the compass varied in a way that puzzled Columbus and alarmed his crew. Everything alarmed them. Even the fair weather did so; they whispered that it was not natural, that sirens were luring them on to their destruction, that they were sailing smoothly down the side of the earth and could never sail back.

From the first they were not an easy crew to handle, and at last they grew openly mutinous. They plotted to throw Columbus overboard and return, saying he had fallen over. He watched them closely, calm-eyed but strong, scarcely ever leaving the high castle-like top deck. Their murmurings rose to open threats until on October 10 they came to Columbus like a body of madmen frenzied with their fear. They screamed and cursed at him and demanded that he turn back or they would make him do so. Columbus defied them. Nothing he said would turn him back; and they too must go on with him to the end.

Fortunately the next day the evidences of approaching land were so many that the whole expedition was roused to eager hopefulness, and the day after that the land was seen.













## THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

(Columbus Lands and Claims America for Spain)

*From a painting by the recent Spanish artist, D. Puebla*

THE land which the great and heroic discoverer first sighted on that historic morning of October 12 was called by the natives Guanahané. He called it San Salvador. The English have since named it Cat Island. It is one of the Bahamas, which lie far to the southward of Spain, the deflection of the compass having led the adventurers southwest when they thought themselves sailing due west.

The landing was accomplished with elaborate ceremony. A boat from each of the other ships joined that from the flagship, and Columbus himself was the first to set foot on shore. He must have been a most imposing figure to the naked natives who peeped at him from among the trees. Tall, richly clad in scarlet, with his white flowing hair and his inspired face, he waved above him the royal banner of Ferdinand and Isabella. He tells us that he was delighted with the balmy clearness of the atmosphere, the soft color of the quiet sea, the luxuriant green of the foliage. He felt this land was indeed a paradise; and kneeling, he uttered a prayer of thanks to God, and kissed the earth. Then rising he proclaimed that he took possession of the land for Spain. His followers were like madmen, embracing him, cheering, entreating his forgiveness for their rebellion, and vowing henceforth to follow blindly where he led.













## THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS

(The Treasures of America Displayed to Ferdinand and Isabella)

*By the German artist, G. Adolf Closs, painted in Stuttgart in 1892*

COLUMBUS sailed amid the islands of the Indies for more than three months, from October until the following January. Everywhere he treated the natives with kindness, and they became his friends. At his suggestion ten of them agreed to voyage to Spain with him. He gathered also samples of the products of the region, gold and gems, strange fruits, gorgeous birds, balls of cotton, and rolls of tobacco which he had seen the natives smoke, but himself despised.

In December his flagship was wrecked off the coast of Hayti, the steersman having run carelessly too close to shore. Only one of his smaller ships was with him at the time, so transferring his cargo to that, he left a colony of forty of his men behind. They stayed gladly, and he built them a fort which they named La Navidad; then he sailed for Spain. The return voyage was as stormy as the outward one had been calm. More than once Columbus almost gave up hope; his ships were separated; but his own cockle-shell of a boat reached the coast of Portugal in safety on March 4. He re-entered Palos on March 15; the other storm-tossed bark got there the next day.

The discoverer was received with tremendous honor by astonished and delighted Spain; and he hastened to lay before his sovereigns the trophies of his voyage.















## DEATH OF COLUMBUS

(The Great Discoverer Dies in Poverty at Valladolid)

*From the series painted by G. Adolf Closs in Stuttgart*

THE remainder of the story of Columbus is a pathetic one. The wild and savage Spanish adventurers of that day needed for their control a man as brutal as themselves, one who would slay at a word. Columbus was too kindly. All the most reckless of the Spaniards crowded to join him in the second expedition which he led to America; a very different expedition this, of fifteen ships and fifteen hundred men. The adventurers were eager for the gold they expected to find; they defied their chieftain, they plundered and massacred the defenseless natives, they fought among themselves. The expedition discovered a few more islands, and sent some shiploads of natives to be sold as slaves in Spain. That was all. A third expedition fared even worse; and an official sent out to investigate arrested Columbus and sent him back to Spain in chains.

The captain of the ship that bore the fallen leader offered to remove the chains, but Columbus said they should remain to show the world how he had been rewarded. Queen Isabella, his best friend, died, and King Ferdinand, abandoning the discoverer as impractical, let him sink into poverty. He died in the convent of San Francisco in Valladolid in 1506. The last words of the broken and disappointed old man to the monks who stood around his bedside were those of the dying Christ, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Seven years afterward the king erected him a gorgeous monument.











**CITIZENSHIP ACT, 1901**

AN ACT TO DEFINE THE CITIZENSHIP OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, AND TO REGULATE THE ACQUISITION AND LOSS OF CITIZENSHIP.

Enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty in Council.

1901.

1. Every person born in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or born out of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland of parents one of whom was at the time of his birth a British subject, shall be deemed to be a British subject at the date of his birth.

2. Every person born out of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, whose father or mother was at the time of his birth a British subject, shall be deemed to be a British subject at the date of his birth.

3. Every person born out of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, whose father or mother was at the time of his birth a British subject, shall be deemed to be a British subject at the date of his birth.

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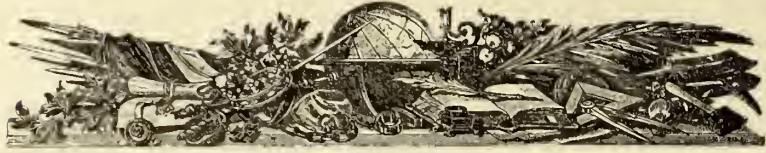
9. Every person born out of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, whose father or mother was at the time of his birth a British subject, shall be deemed to be a British subject at the date of his birth.

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Enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty in Council.

1901.





## DE SOTO EXPLORES THE UNITED STATES

(He Discovers the Mississippi and Claims Its Shores for Spain)

*From the painting by Wm. H. Powell in the Washington Capitol*

THE Spanish explorers sailed along the coast of the mainland of the United States, as they did along other parts of the North American continent, but the first explorer to penetrate at all deeply into the interior of our own country was Ferdinand De Soto. At the head of an army of one thousand of Spain's most daring fighters, he landed in Florida in the year 1539, and set out in search of some inland Indian empire, the conquest of which might bring him gold and glory. But as De Soto advanced northward he found this country very different from that which Columbus and other Spaniards had explored in the south. Here the nights were often cold, the winters were bleak, the Indians possessed no wealth of gold or precious gems, they were but little civilized, and they were strong, fierce fighters.

De Soto's men marched all across the southern States from Florida to the Mississippi. Wherever they met the Indians, the latter attacked them; and though large numbers of the Indians were slain, the Spaniards suffered also. For more than two years their dwindling band marched onward, fighting and dying. They crossed the Mississippi and searched the prairies beyond; but nowhere did they find the wealth they sought. At length the exhausted remnant turned back. De Soto died as they reached the great river on their return, and was buried beneath its waters. His few surviving followers drifted down the river to its mouth and so escaped from the vast and deadly wilderness.









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## THE FLIGHT OF THE CLIFF-DWELLERS

(Indians of the "Seven Cities of Cibola" Flee from the Spaniards)

*From a painting by the American artist, H. N. Cady*

DE SOTO had been lured onward in his disastrous march by an Indian legend of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," which were said to be splendid cities of many storied houses fairly loaded down with emeralds and other gems. The same legend drew another Spanish chieftain, Coronado, to lead an expedition north from Mexico in 1540. Coronado went with ships up the Pacific coast and, following persistently along the margin of the vast Gulf of California, reached at last to where the mighty Colorado River enters the gulf. From there Coronado continued his tremendous journey. He marched up the river and across several of our Western States, penetrating perhaps as far north and eastward as Nebraska.

As Coronado crossed Arizona and New Mexico he saw the homes of the ancient "cliff-dwellers," with chamber after chamber hollowed out of the rock or built upon its ledges. The inhabitants fled from him and took refuge in their inaccessible dwellings. So barren and desolate did these cliff cities seem, that Coronado passed them with little effort at conquest. Yet these with their brilliantly colored rock walls must have been the source of the legend of the "Seven Cities." So Coronado searched and searched for wealth, just as De Soto had done, and finally gave up in despair. The Spaniards abandoned all hope of plunder in the north, and devoted their attention to southern and central America.







# The Story of the Greatest Nations

A COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY, EXTENDING FROM THE  
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THE MOST MODERN AUTHORITIES, AND  
INCLUDING CHRONOLOGICAL SUM-  
MARIES AND PRONOUNCING  
VOCABULARIES FOR  
EACH NATION

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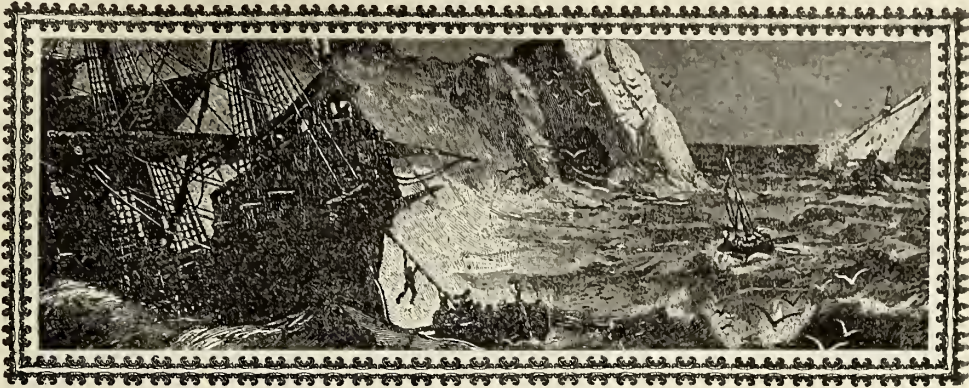
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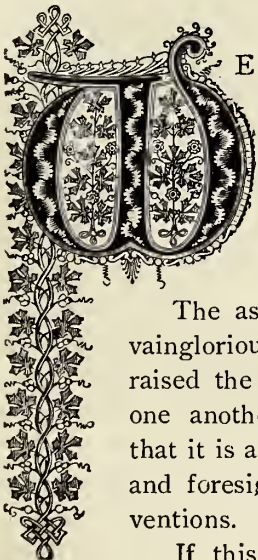
THE WRECK OF THE SANTA MARIA

# MODERN NATIONS—THE UNITED STATES

## Chapter I

### THE DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA

[*Authorities—General*: Winsor, "Narrative and Critical History of America"; Ellis, "History of Our Country"; Bryant and Gay, "United States"; McMaster, "History of the People of the United States"; Schouler, "United States"; Wilson, "History of the American People"; Hart, "American History Told by Contemporaries"; Hildreth, "United States."—*Special*: Horsford, "Discovery by Northmen"; Fiske, "Discovery of North America"; Irving, "Columbus"; Winsor, "Columbus"; Markham, "Columbus."]



WE have traversed the course of the ages. We have seen nation after nation rise to supremacy. Egypt, Persia, Greece, Rome, Germany, Spain, France, England, each in turn dominated the world. Let us now look nearer home. What part is our own land to take in this grand pageant? Is the United States indeed to be, as we fondly hope, the great world leader of the future?

The asking of this question can no longer be ridiculed as a vainglorious patriotism. Practical common sense has everywhere raised the inquiry. The Powers of Europe are propounding it to one another with grave anxiety. Enthusiastic Americans assert that it is already answered, that our state already leads in enterprise and foresight, in energy and skill, in trade, manufactures, and inventions.

If this forecast, or indeed any portion of it, is true, we must turn to our own history with special and eager interest, and trace with proud hearts the steps by which our land has risen to its present eminence. It is

only by understanding the past that we can understand the future, and learn, each of us, to do his little part in helping to carry forward the dazzling promise of our history. If we are to be world-leaders, we must know why we lead, and whence, and whither.

The story of the United States is unlike that of any other great nation, in that its present people have occupied its soil only about three hundred years; and they did not come as did the Franks into France, the Goths and Moslems into Spain, or the Norsemen into Russia and England—a few conquerors to blend with and degenerate among a more numerous and ancient subject people. Instead, the pick of all that were ablest, most earnest, most daring, most conquering among the European races, came here to stand alone. They remained here unweakened by any mingling with feebler blood. They found just enough fighting against wild Indians and wilder nature to hold them to their highest pitch of energy and endeavor. They were men to be proud of, those ancestors of ours, not perfect by any means, but infinitely superior to the ignorant, often brutalized peasantry that then formed the mass of the population in all European states.

Columbus has long been made the first of these mighty figures to pass across the stage. If, however, we cling closely to facts, Columbus was not the earliest of the discoverers of America. This is no longer a whispered possibility—it is established beyond argument. An American historian once wrote that the great advantage the study of our history possessed over that of more ancient lands, was the possibility of beginning here with facts, instead of with a cluster of impossible legends. More recently, however, we are beginning to suspect that the only difference between our legends and those of other races has been, that we have accepted ours blindly.

To discriminate between truth and romance is not always easy; still we may say positively that America went through a long series of both discoveries and forgettings, from a European and Asiatic world, which had at first no need of her. The earliest explorers have been long sunk in oblivion. It may be that they came from the fabulous island of Atlantis, since sunk beneath the ocean. Perhaps they set out from Egypt; for Central America has pyramids strangely like the Egyptian. Perhaps they were Arctic wanderers from Siberia.

Of Japanese discoverers there are definite traces; poor, starving fishermen probably, caught up in Japan's great ocean current, and swept remorselessly away from home and friends, until their skeleton forms were tossed upon our Pacific coast. There may have been many of these unhappy wretches who reached here, some living, some dead, and perchance never one of them able to make his way back home again.

The first of this shadowy line of wanderers to whom we can to-day attach



definite personality and a name, is Bjarne Herjulfson. One would not quite like to swear to Bjarne's actual existence, still he is an interesting if not a particularly heroic figure. He was a Norseman, a pilot, cruising around the well-established Norse settlements in Greenland, when a storm drove his bark westward. There were days and nights of terror; and then, as the black clouds lifted, Bjarne and his men looked upon great barren cliffs such as Labrador shows to day. Afterward they saw other and yet other lands. But Bjarne was not, apparently, an adventurous spirit. He would have much preferred being at home, rather than risking his tiny ship near these treacherous and unattractive rocks. So home he went as fast as possible, without even paying us the courtesy of a landing. His visit probably dates from about the year 986.

Afterward came another, who had heard Bjarne's story. This was Lief Ericson, son of that Eric the Red who first settled Greenland. Lief was a noted man among his fellows, a fine hero-figure, so far as we can make him out, a friend of the great King Olaf of Norway. Olaf had adopted Christianity, and Lief brought the faith to Greenland. Then, perhaps because his new religion was not well received among his kinsmen, Lief, in the year 1000, sailed away to explore the lands Bjarne had seen and fled from.

Lief and his followers found these easily enough, and sailed southward with ever-increasing wonder, along a shore that blossomed greener as they advanced. At length they reached a land where wild grapes grew, as they grow now in New England. This coast, which the explorers called "Vineland," may have been anywhere between Maine and Rhode Island; it was certainly within those limits. Lief stayed there throughout the mild winter, and then, loading his ships with grapes, lumber, and other finds precious indeed to his countrymen, he returned to Greenland. He was called Lief the Lucky.

Within the next few years the Norsemen established quite a settlement in Vineland; and for several generations voyages continued to be made back and forth. The settlers had a little trouble with the native savages, "skrelligs" they called them; but these skrelligs do not appear to have been either numerous or very dangerous.

There seemed every opportunity for the prosperous development of a new Norse empire in America. We wish we knew more clearly why it faded and disappeared. The Vinelanders became lonely perhaps, or there was not fighting enough to please them, or richer lands offered plunder elsewhere. At any rate they abandoned America at last, and it lived among them only as a memory—a tale written down with other and more stirring ones among their sagas.

Perchance Columbus heard the story. It may have been one among the



many causes that prompted him to seek land in the far west. To philosophize about old legends and vague theories as to the possible rotundity of the earth is, however, a very different thing from staking your own fortune and entire future upon their truth. It is here that Columbus' first title to greatness arises. Having convinced himself that his theory was right, he gave his life to it. If there be one lesson more than another to be gathered from the story of Columbus, it is that of persistency. Let us take him as the grand type of America in this. He could insist, he could persevere.

In those days such an expedition as his required a truly royal purse to equip it. His own city refused him; so did Portugal; so did England; so did Spain. He grew gray-haired and despondent, he had to beg his bread. Yet he persevered, and when at last Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain consented to reconsider his plan, he wellnigh wrecked it entirely by insisting on such extravagant terms of reward as never explorer received before or since.

The penniless and ragged adventurer demanded that, if successful, he and his heirs should be transformed into the greatest of the grandees of Spain; that he should be viceroy, admiral, and governor-general of all the lands he might discover, judge in all disputes arising between them and the mother country, and owner of one-tenth of all the wealth of every kind that they might produce forever.

It sounds like the roll of titles in a fairy tale; and the marvel to-day is not that Ferdinand the Wise of Spain laughed at such terms, but rather that he finally yielded to them; for it was he, not the penniless Columbus, who gave way. The noble-hearted Queen Isabella was the real supporter of the daring adventurer. He told her that by sailing west he hoped to come around at last into the East, and reach the much talked-of but unknown lands of India. When he spoke of the countless millions of heathen that might be converted to the Christian faith, Isabella's religious fervor raised her to a height as resolute as his own, and she offered her crown jewels to pay the expenses of the expedition.

Even then the adventurer's troubles were only begun. King Ferdinand quite refused to sacrifice his wife's treasures, and he opened his own purse but a very little way. Other men were as sceptical as he, and few seamen could be induced to venture on so mad a trip. If Columbus were indeed right, they said, and the world was round, it might prove easy enough to sail down its slopes, but how were they ever to sail up again? One able man and ship-master, Martin Pinzon, joined the expedition heartily, and it was in his town of Palos and by his aid that ships and men were finally gathered, though at the last the King had even to throw open the Palos jail and promise freedom to such prisoners as would join the fleet. So it was with three rickety little ves-

sels, and with a crew composed in part at least of jailbirds, that the momentous expedition left Palos, August 3, 1492.

We have no space to dwell upon the wonders of that trip, but every American should read the tale in full—the despair of the sailors, the tricks by which their leader coaxed them on, the mutinies, the signs of land that failed, the dreary days. Even Columbus had never dreamed that the voyage could be so long. Yet through all he persisted, and on October 14, 1492, the Bahama island of San Salvador was reached at last.

After some little cruising among the surrounding islands, Columbus made haste back to Spain. He took with him a few of the native "Indians" as he called them, and some specimens of gold, as proof of what he had done and promise of the riches to follow. Spain went mad with delight; Ferdinand and Isabella received the returned Lord High Admiral and Viceroy with great splendor, and hurried him back on a second expedition. How it differed from the first! Men, money, and ships—everything in Spain—was at his disposal. His only embarrassment was in rejecting the too extravagant offers that poured upon him from every side.

The West Indies, however, are not the United States; and it is well we should keep clearly in mind that, except for the island of Porto Rico, Columbus never did discover any of the land actually within our borders. We will not, therefore, dwell upon his further voyages. The *Santa Maria*, his flagship, in which he himself had made the first outward voyage, had been wrecked among the islands; and he had thus been forced to leave a portion of his men behind him in the New World. They stayed readily enough, hoping to find much gold among the "Indians"; and they built a fort and settlement called La Navidad.

This was the first modern attempt to colonize America. The colonists abused the natives most cruelly, and finally their suffering victims turned, and slew them to the last man. When Columbus sought the settlement on his second voyage, he found nothing but the charred remnants of the fort.

None of his dreams, indeed, turned out as he had hoped. The land he had set out to find was Asia or India, the scarce comprehended world of the East, whence tedious and dangerous caravans journeyed to Europe with their rich spices. He looked for a vast civilized island, the Japan or Zipangu of romance, a region abounding in gold and precious jewels. The beautiful but barbaric climes which he did discover had not nearly the wealth he sought, or at least their wealth was slower in being brought to light. Neither he nor Spain was the richer after his first voyage, nor after his second. Yet adventurers flocked to the New World, settlements were formed, and slowly a stream of gold began to flow toward King Ferdinand's coffers.

With Columbus the new colonists found many causes of quarrel. He was haughty and exacting, and in the end they sent him back to Spain, a prisoner in chains. This treatment of the hero to whom so much was due roused Spanish chivalry for the moment, and something of his honors and offices were restored to him. Still there is no denying that he was an inefficient governor, and he died in Spain, in 1506, in poverty and disgrace.

The compact of reward made with the great discoverer was never kept; perhaps the crafty King Ferdinand had never meant to keep it. He compromised matters by erecting over the grave of Columbus in Seville a grandiloquent monument inscribed:

"To Castile and to Leon  
Columbus gave a New World."

Yet Castile and Leon had refused the discoverer payment for the gift, and cheated him of his price. There seems, therefore, a rough justice in the fact that sturdier nations have snatched away the prize. It slipped through many hands, until to-day it is you and I, not Spain, nor France, nor England, who have the best part of Columbus' gift.

Did he give it, after all? And if so, why was this giving more lasting and more important than that of Lief, five centuries before? The question opens a field too vast for answer. Putting it in briefest form, the world of Lief's day had no need of America. She had too many unpeopled wildernesses of her own. In the age of Columbus, Western Europe began to feel cramped for space. Moreover, the art of navigation had advanced; the voyage across the Atlantic was not quite so lengthy but that shrewd traders could make it with a margin of profit. Debits and credits footed up now on the proper side of the financial ledger.

So there, in truth, you find the merchant's reason at the bottom of it all. Not the highest motive, you will say, for the retention of a new world once rejected. Yet we had as well accept it frankly as one of the most powerful of the motives that have helped mankind; and find reason for rejoicing in that it was not the sole stimulus to America's discovery. Both Columbus and Isabella, the central figures of the tale, thought first of glory and of religion.



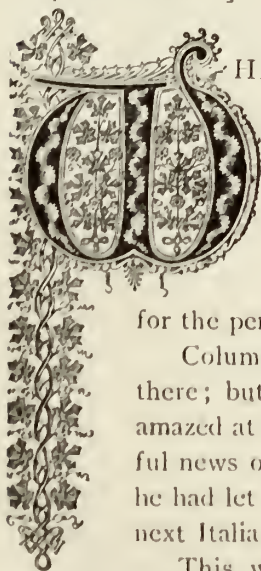




## Chapter II

### THE EXPLORERS OF THE UNITED STATES

[*Special Authorities:* Irving, "Companions of Columbus"; Hakluyt, "Voyages"; Ellis, "The Red Man and the White"; Schoolcraft, "Indian Tribes"; Bancroft, "The Pacific States"; Higginson, "Explorers of America"; Murray, "Catholic Pioneers of America"; Helps, "Spanish Conquest in America."]



WHICH among the explorers of this final period of discovery first reached the mainland of the United States? The question turns our eyes toward England, where King Henry VII., having defeated the wicked Richard III. and ended the Wars of the Roses, was plodding comfortably along his parsimonious path, and was, in his narrow way, developing British commercial enterprise, for the personal profit that it brought him.

Columbus had sent a brother to the English court to seek help there; but Henry delayed and quibbled like the other monarchs, amazed at the adventurer's exacting terms. Now, when the wonderful news of Columbus' triumph reached England, the King felt that he had let a great opportunity slip by, and he listened readily to the next Italian seaman who sought his court.

This was John Cabot, a wealthy Venetian, who had settled in Bristol. The Italians were the great mariner nation of the fifteenth century. The English had not yet developed into that mighty sea-roaming, sea-fighting race which, under Elizabeth a century later, learned to dominate the oceans. They had already bold fishermen among them, but no master mariner who might assert himself against John Cabot.



So in 1497 Cabot, with twenty men, in a little ship fitted out at his own expense, sailed from Bristol empowered by King Henry to find for England any lands he could, and to have the sole right of trading with them forever. In return for the authority and protection thus conferred on him, he was to pay the English crown one-fifth of all the profits of his ventures. Note that the English Henry was an even more cautious merchant than the Spanish Ferdinand. Henry paid no share of the money costs of Cabot's expedition, he contributed only words and promises. On the other hand, he demanded but a modest fraction of the profits, became, as it were, the junior partner of the firm. Cabot's expedition was far better manned and fitted out than the one under Columbus; but that was because Cabot himself was rich, Columbus poor.

One would like a fuller account of Cabot's voyage than has come down to us; though its better equipment and more assured goal made it lack the spectacular features of Columbus' desperate and daring venture. The English ship kept to the northward, and first touched land somewhere along the icy Canadian shore (June 14, 1497). The explorers then sailed south down the coast for several hundred miles and so, perhaps, visited our own New England, even as the Norsemen had done. Cabot landed repeatedly and found traces of inhabitants. But alas! he could discover no inhabitants themselves to barter with him for their jewels, or fill the holds of his ships with their lavish gold and Eastern spices.

The year waned, and he turned back toward England, a little disappointed and considerably out of pocket, but determined to make another trial. The English received him with tumultuous pride. They had a new world now as well as Spain. King Henry actually gave Cabot money; he was called the "great admiral," and volunteers flocked to him for his second voyage.

Apparently the Venetian died that winter; at any rate he disappeared from history, and it was his son, Sebastian Cabot, who headed the next expedition. Sebastian was a mere lad just of age, and presumably did not command the same confidence as his father. He had, however, accompanied his parent the year before, and knew the route to follow. Moreover, he was an expert map-maker and could talk learnedly of the scientific probabilities of penetrating to the wealthy Zipango. Doubtless, with his shrunken prospects, he esteemed himself fortunate in securing two well-manned ships, and with these he set forth in May, 1498.

Like his father, he pressed northward until ice barred his way. Then he too skirted south along the inhospitable coast and found it gradually grow more fertile. He saw wild animals, huge stags and bears, shoals of codfish so thick they delayed his vessels, and then, at last, people. Doubtless, it was a

bitter blow to him when he found them savages, without one trinket worth the stealing, unless it were the furs in which they wrapped themselves.

Still Sebastian persevered, hoping to penetrate past this shore to a richer land. He sailed southward for months, peeped in, perhaps, at New York Bay, ran with eager hope up the mighty Delaware, till he found it only a river, not a strait leading to other seas beyond. Chesapeake Bay was examined also; and finally the young ship-master turned unwillingly back to Britain in the fall, having explored our coast as far as the Carolinas, possibly beyond.

England considered Sebastian's voyage a failure. Men's minds were as yet turned only toward trade, not colonization. Sebastian had demonstrated that no wealth was to be found where he had sailed, so no Englishmen followed after him. Spain had a use for the able navigator and map-maker; he was invited thither, and, deserting England, spent the best years of a long and busy life in the service of Spain.

One class of people had scented profit in the Cabots' discoveries. Sebastian had talked of vast, immeasurable shoals of codfish! The French fishermen, Normans and Bretons, were already risking their lives for a few scant fish upon their own rocky coasts. A little more risk, a little more of a wild daring which had no watchful historian to record its heroism, and the French fishing-boats had sailed across the Atlantic and were loading to the gunwale with Newfoundland cod. These ventures may have begun as early as the year 1500. Soon the fishermen stayed over winter and built themselves rough huts along the shore. Some of these habitations may have been erected even as far south as the coast of Maine; and so the French were the first to dwell in our land. Of course these huts must not be regarded as settlements; they were mere temporary structures, built for the moment's use, and abandoned as soon as the fishermen could return to sunny France.

Thus it came to pass that the Spaniards were the first to penetrate deeply into our land, for they alone found signs of the wealth which all the explorers sought. The Spanish adventurers made their headquarters in Cuba and the other islands Columbus had discovered, and thence they extended their search in all directions. South America was reached in 1498 by Columbus himself; Central America in 1501 by Bastidas; and the Pacific Ocean was first known to Europeans in 1513, when Balboa and his comrades gazed out over its vast waters, "silent, upon a peak in Darien."

In this same year of 1513 the Spaniards first touched the mainland of the United States. They were led by Ponce de Leon, and they came in search of something even more valuable than gold. They sought a fountain in which, the Indians told them, whoever bathed became young again. Science had not then convinced men that this was impossible, and De Leon, who was grow-

ing old, fitted out an expedition at his own expense. Wandering from island to island, bathing, as we may fancy them, in every brook, his band came at last to the mainland near St. Augustine. It was on Palm Sunday, the Spanish "Feast of Flowers"; and seeing what a world of blossoms he had reached, De Leon called it, as we do still, the land of flowers, or Florida.

The credulous explorer now abandoned his search for the Fountain of Youth. He had found fame instead, and he returned to Cuba. Afterward he came again to Florida as its governor, meaning to plant a colony there. The Indians attacked him, slew many of his men, and wounded De Leon so that he died. Wealth, fame, and death—those were the gifts the new land held for the Spaniards, but never youth. That they had already left behind. Their race was even then hastening toward corruption and decay.

As yet, however, they had no suspicion of the doom their own cruelty was to bring upon their descendants. They felt themselves a race of world-subduers. In 1519, Cortez conquered golden Mexico, and Spain's dream of boundless wealth became a reality. Pizarro mastered equally rich Peru; and in 1528 De Narvaez planned to find and capture some similar prize in Florida.

His expedition landed on the western coast, near Tampa, three hundred eager, daring Spaniards, each with a conqueror's crown looming before his vision. They died, ah, how fast they died! during the advance amid those torrid, pestilential Florida swamps. The alligators, deadly snakes, and deadlier fevers scarce needed the angry Indians to help them in their work. Only a miserable remnant of the gallant band fought their way to the coast again, and these could not find their ships, so they built five rough barks and sailed along the shore, hoping to reach the ports of Mexico.

Narvaez had lost his influence as commander, and the chief man among the fugitives was Cabeza de Vaca (Cow-head, however he got the name), the treasurer. Cow-head and his companions saw the mouth of the Mississippi, and marvelled at its mighty volume of waters. Despite their crazy boats, they attempted to sail up the vast stream, but could make no headway against its current. Then a storm struck them, and they were wrecked on an island somewhere along the Texas coast, Galveston, perhaps.

There they starved, all but four of them, and turned cannibal, and did things which may have been more horrible than Cabeza dared confess in the amazing book he wrote about their sufferings. At last, Cabeza started off alone to find sustenance among the Indians, and became the earliest of our pioneers, the earliest at least who lived to tell of his wanderings.

Where he went, we cannot say with certainty. Probably he passed through most of Texas and Indian Territory, perhaps reaching New Mexico and even



beyond. He was seven years among the Indians, taught them many things, and learned much of their ways of life. He became a personage of importance among them and traded from tribe to tribe, or practised "medicine"; that is, he pretended to heal by charms and to work spells upon the red men. At last he stumbled upon three of his former comrades, and the four worked their way southwestward, until in 1536, they presented themselves, "like wild men," naked, sun-blackened, and covered with hair, among the Spaniards of Mexico.

Cabeza's tale stimulated others to visit the region through which he had wandered. True, he had found no riches, but he contributed another to the many legends of golden lands which lured the Spaniards onward. He had heard from the Indians of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," with wonderful emerald-lined palaces many stories high; in which we may recognize, perhaps, the Pueblo cliff-dwellings of Arizona.

Ferdinand de Soto determined to find and conquer this dreamland realm. He had been with Balboa and with Pizarro, and under them made a fortune so vast that he became a grandee in Spain, and loaned money to the King. He hoped now to found an empire of his own. Following in the footsteps of Narvaez, he landed at Tampa Bay in 1539, and with nine hundred men penetrated into Florida.

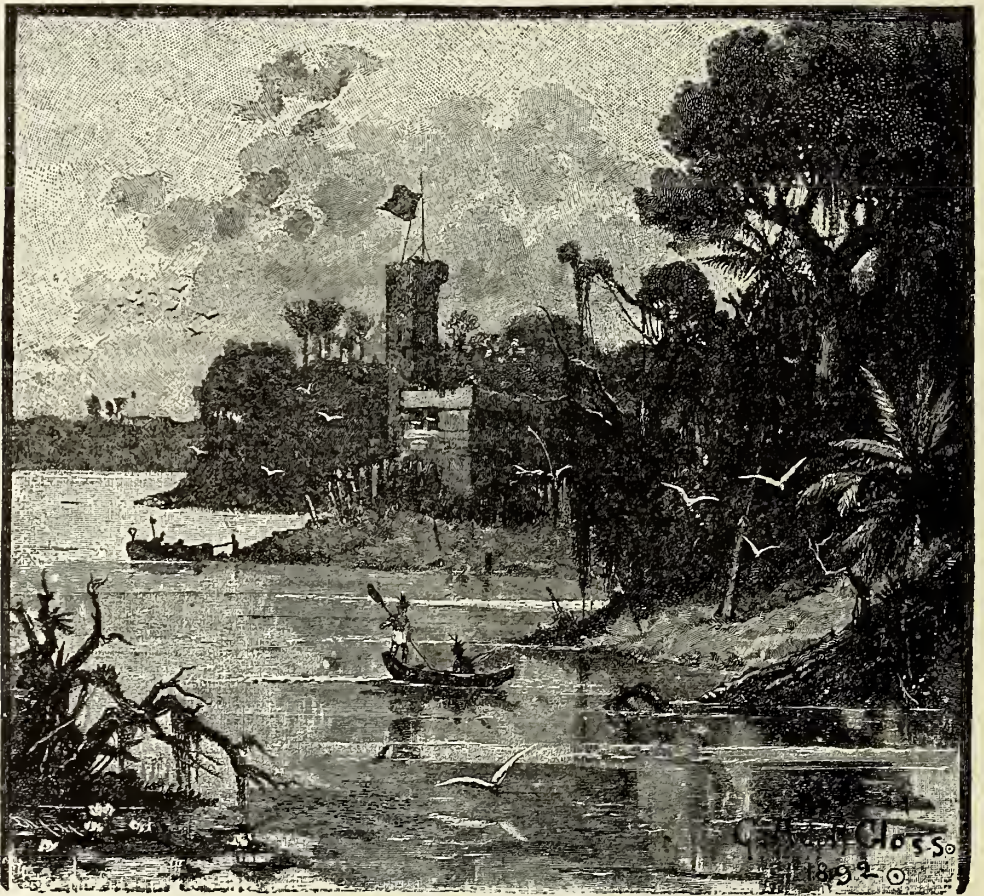
His marvellous march scarce needs to be detailed again. He was three years in the wilderness. His little army, ever diminishing, fought battle after battle. They crossed Georgia, and Alabama, and at a city where Mobile now stands, they fought an Indian nation and slew twenty-five hundred of their unfortunate opponents. They passed over the present States of Mississippi and Tennessee, and came out upon the great Mississippi River, somewhere in the vicinity of Memphis. They crossed Arkansas and Missouri, everywhere fighting and burning and plundering; but the "Seven Cities of Cibola" were nowhere to be found. Finally, discouraged and despondent, De Soto turned back to the Mississippi, died, and was buried beneath its waters (1542). His three hundred surviving followers built boats and sailed down the river, and thence to their countrymen in Mexico.

Meanwhile, another Spaniard, Coronado, governor of one of the Mexican provinces, was also hunting for the "Seven Cities" with their emerald floors and many-storied palaces. In 1540 he led an expedition up Mexico's western coast along the Gulf of California to the mouth of the Colorado, and thence up that mighty stream. He crossed Arizona and New Mexico, and saw the cliff-dwellers, who fled from him into their almost inaccessible homes. Some of these he captured, but apparently had no suspicion that they formed the origin of the extravagant tales which he had heard. He searched through Texas, and then pushed northward perhaps as far as Nebraska. His band and that of De



Soto must have almost met each other. Neither found the wealth for which they sought.

Then, for a time, Spain too, abandoned her explorations within our borders, and turned her attention to the southward. She declared, even as England had done, that the northland was an unprofitable wilderness. The development of our own country was thus allowed to lag a whole century behind that of Central and South America.



THE FIRST SETTLEMENT—LA NAVIDAD



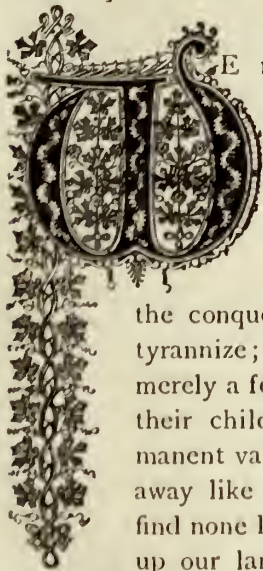


DE GOURGUES SURPRISING THE SPANISH FORTS

## Chapter III

### THE COLONIES THAT FAILED

[*Special Authorities:* Doyle, "English Colonies in America"; Thwaite, "The Colonies"; Edward, "Sir Walter Raleigh"; Fisher, "The Colonial Era"; Lodge, "English Colonies in America."]



WE must distinguish clearly between the purposes of the different classes of adventurers who sought the new world. There were the explorers, who came like Columbus to discover new pathways round the globe; the traders like John Cabot, whose aim was to barter worthless trinkets for rich treasures and then to return to an old age of ease and luxury at home. There were the conquerors like De Soto, who looked for empires over which to tyrannize; and then there were the colonizers, men who sought merely a fertile soil, on which to plant new homes, to dwell, to rear their children, and to die. Only the last class could be of permanent value to the world they entered. The others have passed away like dreams. In the exciting tales of their daring, we can find none but a sentimental interest. It was the colonists who built up our land, and shaped our destiny. We are flesh of their flesh, life of their life, and to this day we think and act as their adventures and experiences have taught us.

The Spaniards proved poor colonizers. Their conception of a settlement in the new world was of a collection of Indian or negro slaves, held under by the cruelty of a few Spanish masters, who lived in idleness on the profits of their victims' toil. Such a state of society is essentially unprogressive, equally

demoralizing to the tyrant and to the slave. Thus the Spaniards made it; thus they have found it in the end. Let us be thankful that their attempts to establish themselves within our borders resulted always in failure.

They were the first to make those attempts. De Leon, having discovered Florida, was appointed its governor, and landed on its shore in 1521, with many followers and all the appliances deemed necessary to found a new city and a state. But as we have learned, the Indians shot him, and he returned to Cuba to die.

These Indians proved to be of a very different calibre from the submissive races the Spaniards had encountered farther south. D'Allyon,\* exploring the coast of Carolina in 1520, lured some of the natives on board his ships and made them prisoners. Those that did not die of heartbreak were carried to the Indies as slaves. A few years later (1526) D'Allyon returned like De Leon, to rule and settle the region he had discovered. Having begun the planting of a colony near where Beaufort, South Carolina, now stands, he invited the savages to a great feast. They came as if totally forgetful of his former treachery; but suddenly, in the course of the banquet, they snatched out their weapons, turned on D'Allyon and his men, and slew them nearly all. A few, including the mortally wounded leader, fled in their ships. Thus ended the first settlement actually made within the bounds of the United States.

Frenchmen were the next colonizers. With their coming, a new element enters our story, a nobler impulse becomes dominant among those who penetrate the wilds. The Frenchmen who came hither were Huguenots, fleeing from religious persecution. Indeed, it would scarce be too much to say that it was the Reformation and the ensuing religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that peopled the United States.

You will recall the strife between the Catholics and Huguenots in France. At one time the Huguenots, under their great leader, Coligny, planned to abandon the unhappy civil war at home and found a new France in America.

Before this vast migration was actually attempted, a smaller colony was sent out under Jean Ribault. The little band landed at Port Royal on the coast of Carolina (1562), and built themselves houses and a fort. Some remained at Port Royal, while Ribault returned to France for reinforcements. But the garrison, like that left behind by Columbus, soon quarrelled among themselves and with the Indians. Finally, the despairing survivors built a crazy ship and sailed for home, whither a few of them, after unspeakable horrors and suffering, did actually arrive.

\* There is no certainty as to the spelling of names like this, which the Spaniards themselves wrote in different ways. All that has been done here is to give the forms which have become most familiar in American history.



## The United States—Destruction of Port Royal 1505

Two years later (1564) the Huguenots tried again under Laudonnière, and a colony was established near the mouth of the St. John's River in Florida. Ribault brought out reinforcements, and the settlement grew to hold nearly a thousand souls, including women and children. Houses were built, a strong fort was erected, and a new France seemed fairly blossoming in the wilderness.

The story of its destruction is tragic in the extreme. After a lapse of forty years the Spaniards were making another attempt to establish themselves in Florida. Pedro Menendez, commander of the expedition, heard of the settlement of the French. Sailing up to the St. John's River, he notified the Huguenots that he had strict orders from the King of Spain "to hang and behead all heretics found within his dominion." Then he turned southward and landed his own colonists at St. Augustine (September 8, 1565).

Ribault determined to take the initiative with the French ships and attack Menendez at St. Augustine. But a fierce tempest arose, and scattered his tiny barks as wrecks along the coast. The Spanish leader, taking better advantage of the wild weather which persisted from day to day, marched his soldiers northward through the Florida swamps and forests, and from their depths burst suddenly in even deadlier storm upon the unfortunate French settlement. The people were crouched within their cabins, expecting attack only from the sea, and surely not in such a blinding tempest. They were totally unprepared. It was not a battle, but a massacre; women and children were cut down with the rest. A few, a very few, escaped to the woods and the Indians, and finally made their way back to France in two little barks that were preserved. The shipwrecked sailors along the coast were also captured by Menendez, who hanged or beheaded them with his other victims. A few who were Catholics were spared, Menendez taking care to proclaim that he had slain the colonists, "Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics."

The Catholic court of France made no protest; perhaps it found a secret pleasure in this atrocity. A private French gentleman, however, a Catholic, De Gourgues, vowed to avenge his murdered countrymen. He fitted out an expedition at his own cost, and sailed for Florida. Landing at the mouth of the St. John's, he succeeded in surprising the Spanish settlement which had been erected on the ruins of the French one. He stormed both its forts, and hanged his prisoners on the very trees which had been used as gallows for the Frenchmen. Then he sailed away, leaving over the dangling scarecrow figures a placard, that he had hanged them "Not as Spaniards, but as assassins."

The Huguenots did not at that time follow further their dream of emigration. The massacre of St. Bartholomew reduced their numbers and hardened their tempers. Affairs began to turn in their favor in France, and at last a King of their own faith fought his way to the French throne. Under him the



struggle for a French empire beyond seas was renewed, but its seat was placed farther north. The only part of the new world indisputably French was the St. Lawrence valley, which the French fishermen had discovered, and Cartier had explored. Samuel Champlain was now sent thither, and after various efforts he planted a permanent colony at Quebec (1608). Thus Canada became French.

Florida became Spanish, at least to the extent of holding the single Spanish settlement of St. Augustine, which De Gourgues had found himself too weak to attack. Its inhabitants never gathered the wealth which the southland poured into the hands of their countrymen; but the town continued to exist in feeble fashion, and is thus the oldest permanent settlement within the continental United States.

A few years later, the Spaniards also established themselves in the southwest. Spanish missionaries, the noblest of their race, pushed their way northward from Mexico, spreading their faith among the Indians. A chain of tiny churches or mission houses gradually extended far into New Mexico and Arizona (1582). In 1598 the town of Santa Fé (Holy Faith) was established as a centre and capital for the entire region; and gradually the little settlements of Christianized Indians under Spanish or Mexican priests reached even to California and far up the Pacific coast.

By this time, however, Spain's military power showed symptoms of decline. The epic struggle had begun between her and England for the mastery of the seas. The Pope had sanctified Spain's claim to most of America, and Catholic England, under Henry VII., had perhaps felt some hesitation about disputing her rights. Protestant England, under Elizabeth, had no such scruples. The memory of the Cabots' half-forgotten voyages was revived; and because of them England asserted ownership over the middle region between Canada and Florida.

Practically, Elizabeth's reign was one long war with Spain. Nominally the two countries were sometimes at peace. Neither actually invaded the other; but whenever Englishman and Spaniard met, they fought; and the British sailors of the time have gained undying renown. The Spaniards called them pirates; plunderers they undoubtedly were, daring sea-robbers who lay in wait for the golden galleons of Spain, which sailed freighted with the wealth of the Indies. That wealth began to find its way to England as often as to Spain.

Drake, known to Spaniards as "the Dragon," the most famous fighter of them all, sailed around South America and up the Pacific coast (1578), plundering all the unprotected Spanish settlements he found there, until his vessel fairly groaned with gold and silver. All the Spanish fleets of the Atlantic

watched for his return. Instead of attempting to run through their lines, he kept on up the Pacific shore, claiming California and the land to northward for England. At last the Arctic cold checked his progress, and heading still to westward, he skirted all Asia and Africa, and finally reached home after three years of wandering, having circumnavigated the globe.

By degrees, Englishmen concluded that in order to fight Spain in the Indies, they, too, must have colonies there, as stations at which their ships could refit and gather supplies and recruits. Queen Elizabeth encouraged the plan. English fishing boats had long frequented the Newfoundland banks. Martin Frobisher thought he had found gold there—tons of it—and the Queen sent him with a fleet of fifteen ships to found a mining station in the frozen North (1578). The men shivered and mutinied, the gold proved dross, and Frobisher returned home defeated.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the scholar, philosopher, courtier, and friend of Elizabeth, next attempted the task of colonization (1579). He planted England's flag on the bleak shores of Newfoundland, and asserted her supremacy over the rough fishermen of all nations who gathered there. But as a permanent settlement his first effort failed; so he tried again.

Some of his ships deserted in dread of the tempestuous northern seas; others were wrecked, and at last Sir Humphrey had to turn a second time toward home with only two remaining vessels. As he sailed, he planned a third expedition, which should profit by the mistakes of the first two; but alas! to encourage his soldiers, he himself stayed on his smaller boat, the "Squirrel," a mere skiff of ten tons burden. Tremendous tempests rose; never had mariners seen "more outrageous seas"; and one night the watchers on the other ship saw the lights of the tiny "Squirrel" suddenly disappear. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's hopes and plans were over (1584).

His step-brother, the famous Sir Walter Raleigh, now gave his energies to the work. He obtained ample powers and privileges from the Queen, and determined to devote his whole ability and fortune to establishing England's power in America. Two ships were sent out to find a fitting place for settlement in the more attractive regions farther south; and so glowing were the reports they brought home, that English enthusiasm somewhat revived. Elizabeth conferred the honor of knighthood upon Raleigh; and he, with courtier wisdom, named the region Virginia, in honor of his virgin Queen.

In 1585 he sent out an expedition of seven ships, which planted a colony on Roanoke Island, North Carolina. A hundred men stayed there over a year; but the Indians, at first friendly, were injured, were quarrelled with, were massacred. Promised supplies proved long in coming; the boats of the colonists were wrecked; and when Drake accidentally called with his fleet to see how

his friend Raleigh's colony was progressing, the terrified and despairing settlers persuaded him to take them home.

Raleigh, like Gilbert was not easily daunted. A second colony, which included women and children, was despatched to Roanoke (1587). Its governor was John White, and soon after his arrival his daughter, Mrs. Dare, gave birth to the first English child born in America, a girl, whom they named Virginia Dare. White soon returned to England for further supplies, leaving nearly a hundred people at Roanoke. He found Great Britain threatened by the mighty Spanish Armada. Every ship and every seaman was summoned to the defence of the country. Drake, Raleigh, and all, joined in the struggle. The invincible Armada was defeated, but it was over three years before White was able to return to Roanoke.

When he reached there, his colonists had disappeared. What became of them all, poor little Virginia Dare included, is one of the mysteries of American story. Perhaps they were massacred; perhaps driven by hunger and despair, they united with the Indians, and before White's coming had wandered inland. They are often referred to as "the Lost Colony."

White returned to England in sorrow; Raleigh was impoverished, ruined; and the enthusiasm for colonization, crushed by such repeated failures, seems for a time to have wholly disappeared. One hundred years after the voyages of the Cabots, the territory which they had discovered was still a wilderness, peopled only by the Indians.



SPANISH SKETCHES OF MEXICAN HEAD AND EMBLEMS





SMITH SAVED BY POCAHONTAS

## Chapter IV

### THE COLONIES THAT SUCCEEDED—VIRGINIA

[*Special Authorities:* Cooke, "Virginia"; Captain John Smith's Works; Thomas Jefferson, "Notes on Virginia"; Bruce, "Economic History of Virginia"; Drake, "The Making of Virginia"; "Virginia Magazine of History."]

**B**Y the year 1600 the general outline of the earth and its continents had become fairly understood. The power of Spain had been broken by her long war with Holland and by the defeat of her "Invincible Armada." England had developed into a rich and powerful nation, and her population, during over a century of comparative peace, had so increased, that her leaders began to talk seriously of colonization as a relief from the overcrowding of the land.

It was, however, as a business venture that Bartholomew Gosnold sought our shores in 1602. He landed in New England, traded with the Indians, and brought home so rich a cargo as to attract general attention. Raleigh had still the Queen's grant as owner of all Virginia, and he promptly confiscated Gosnold's spoils. Raleigh, however, soon fell into disgrace with Elizabeth's successor, King James I., and his grant was revoked.

The fact that there was unmistakable profit to be derived from America, immediately placed the idea of colonization on a new basis. Other merchants traded here, and returned with goodly gains; and in 1606, under the authority of King James, the famous "Virginia Company" was



formed, and given exclusive rights to trade and colonize in "Virginia," which then meant all English America.

The company was essentially an organization of merchants, seeking mercantile profit, and interested in founding a colony only because that would afford a permanent base for organized trade. Two subdivisions of the partnership were made, and one of these, the "London Company," sent out three ships under Christopher Newport and the former trader, Gosnold. After exploring here and there, Newport landed and began building a fort at Jamestown, in the modern State of Virginia, May 13, 1607. This was the first permanent English settlement in America.

The prospects of success for this new colony seemed far less promising than had attended Raleigh's ventures. One hundred and five men were left behind by Newport when he returned to England in June; but among them there were no women, and most of the men were "gentlemen adventurers," who had come hither under the old delusion of quickly finding gold and returning with it to their homes. They were a shiftless lot, those "gentlemen adventurers," who scorned to turn their hands to raising grain or food. The first month of the settlement, which should have been devoted to planting food for the winter, was wasted in gold hunting.

Jamestown was built on the first spot that came to hand. It stood among marshes, the water was bad, provisions were scanty. Fifty of the little band, Gosnold among them, died during the summer, many of them of sheer starvation. The remainder were reduced to desperation.

One man and one only saved the colony from extinction. He was Captain John Smith. A romantic wanderer from his youth, and a bit of a braggart, Smith has been much discredited of late; but there can be no question of the great value of his services to America and Virginia. The nominal leaders of the colony had crowded him aside; but now through sheer strength of character he forced his way to the front. He was the only man who did not despair. He traded with the Indians, secured their friendship, and brought to the colony such supplies of corn as guaranteed them against starvation. He drove the men to building substantial houses and preparing for the winter. Those who did not work, he declared, should not eat; and he had his way, despite murmurings and rebellions from those who should have been the first to help him.

Toward winter Smith sailed far up the Chickahominy River exploring. He was captured by the Indians and brought before the head chief of all that region, the "Emperor" as the English learned to call him, Powhatan. Here Smith met the chieftain's daughter, Pocahontas, "a maid of ten." It was not until many years after her death that Smith told the well-known story of her

rescuing him from death at the hands of her father; and the delay of the narrator certainly rouses suspicion. In its final form, his tale is that the savages placed his head upon two stones and were about to crush it with a war-club, when Pocahontas threw herself between and insisted on his being spared. Be this as it may, Smith persuaded Powhatan to treat the colonists with friendship. Little Pocahontas came frequently to their camp. The Indians taught their new friends how to raise Indian corn and other plants. Pocahontas was converted to Christianity and in later years married a young gentleman among the colonists, John Rolfe. As his wife she visited England and died there in 1617 when about to return to America. Their descendants are still to be traced throughout Virginia. This fortunate alliance with the Indians preserved the English from their enmity, and was undoubtedly a potent cause in saving the colony from extinction during its early struggle.

For a time, however, failure seemed inevitable. Smith returning from his captivity in January, 1608, found only forty survivors at Jamestown, and these were preparing to sail for England in their one tiny boat. The resolute hero stopped them at the peril of his life. Plots, treachery, mutinies filled the entire winter, and Smith was at his wits' end, when Newport arrived with reinforcements in the spring.

But alas! the newcomers were of the same material as the first lot, "gentleman adventurers," who thought some iron pyrites they found was gold, and persuaded Newport to load his ship with it in all haste and return to England. Thereafter Smith ruled almost unopposed. During the winter of 1608 he explored and mapped out most of our coast between North Carolina and New Jersey.

By this time the mercantile "Company" in England began to grow impatient. Perhaps the shipload of worthless pyrites was the last straw; for the next spring they despatched to Smith angry orders to send home a valuable load of merchandise, or the colony would be abandoned, and the emigrants left to escape to England as they could. Accompanying the orders came another shipload of "gentlemen," and Smith wrote back impatiently and defiantly that the owners must first put the colony on a proper foundation, and that they had better send but thirty practised carpenters, gardeners, and so on, rather than "a thousand such as we have."

In the fall of 1609 Smith was so injured by a gunpowder explosion that he was compelled to return to England for treatment. He never saw Virginia again, but he had done his work there, a man's work, which had made a beginning to the American nation.

The winter which followed his departure was the most calamitous in the history of the colony. Further reinforcements had raised its number to five

hundred; but relieved of Smith's restraining hand, these indulged in every riotous excess, insulted and enraged the Indians, squandered their provisions, and escaped massacre only through the warning of Pocahontas. Then they had to face the starvation they had invited. It is said they even ate one another. At any rate, when supplies from England reached them the next spring, only sixty of the five hundred were found alive. This awful period was long known as the "Starving Time."

The survivors, as well as the newcomers, had no thought but to get away from the scene of such horrors. All crowded on board the two little barks which had arrived, and Jamestown was abandoned in despair (1610).

At the mouth of the James River the fugitives met three goodly ships under Lord Delaware. He had been appointed governor of Virginia, and had at last brought out not only sufficient supplies, but the proper class of colonists, artisans with their wives and families. He persuaded the despairing settlers to return, and from this time the colony entered on a second and more prosperous life.

During most of this second period, Virginia was under the governorship of Sir Thomas Dale (1611-1616), a stern but just and able ruler. He saw that the main reason why the settlers worked but languidly was that all the profits of their toil went to the Company. This left the workmen no incentive to produce anything more than was required for their bare existence. On his own responsibility, Dale gave every man a plot of ground, the produce of which was to belong to himself, to sell as he could. The colonist was also allowed a certain part of his time to devote to the cultivation of this plot. Instantly, each man felt an incentive to labor; the colony began to assume an air of prosperity.

We are not apt to think of Virginia as a specially religious land; yet some of the laws enforced by Dale would startle our sternest devotees of the present age. Every one had to leave work and go to church twice each day, through the week as well as on Sundays. Cursing was punished for the second offence by piercing the tongue with a bit of steel, for the third offence by death.

On Dale's return to England, a freebooter and half pirate, Samuel Argyll, was appointed governor. He quarrelled with the Indians and robbed the colonists, plundering and devastating everywhere, until ruin seemed come again. The feeling against him grew so intense that he fled from the colony with his ill-gotten gains.

With the year 1618 begins the later and really successful period of Virginia's development. As yet the colony had been nothing but a source of expense to its merchant founders. Most of these despaired of its ever being anything else, and sold out their shares in the losing investment. By 1618





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